

Mrs. VENABLE of Georgia has refused to marry a foreign title. The owner of the title is almost in a state of surprise that has overthrown his mind.

When the power of Germany is to be defied, all Frenchmen, whether monarchist, bonapartist, republican or socialist in opinion, stand together with real enthusiasm. The Kaiser will find no disinclined France to face if war ever comes again between Teuton and Gaul.

The popular superstition against traveling Friday has had much to support it within the last few weeks. The Washash collision at Kingsbury, Ind., occurred Friday; the terrible catastrophe at Jackson, Mich., took place Friday, and again the fatal day has claimed twenty-six lives at Battle Creek.

The "tall" man and the "short" man of many a fabled robbery are at their high-trick tricks again. There is a growing belief that in some of the reported deeds of violence these wicked two are mytha. The truth appears to be that somebody gets very "short" occasionally, and does some "tall" talking to account for it.

An immense trunk which belonged to a newly wedded couple furnished plenty of amusement to passengers at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad depot in Pittsburgh, the other day. The trunk was decorated with old shoes, tied with gay-colored ribbons and two hearts pierced by Cupid's arrow were drawn on the side with chalk.

The railroad magnates who are morally responsible for the long series of deadly wrecks of trains bound to or from the world's fair should be placed in charge of guardians for weak-mindedness. Anyone with a grain of sense would have been able to foresee that six months' business could not safely be crowded into six weeks.

SPORTING writers and telegraph editors used "battle royal" in half the newspapers of the country when telling of the last Vigilant-Valkyrie race. There is no such thing as a battle royal between two contestants. The term is exact and technical. A battle royal is a fight of many, in which every one is against every other one, and the best wins.

Of the 2,000,000 foreigners found by a recent census to be living in France, 800,000 have received a military education and belong to the reserve in their respective countries. More than 350,000 are Italians, who in case of disruption would at once array themselves against the country which now affords them shelter. America is not, therefore, alone in her troubles, present and prospective, with aliens.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Palermo that during Queen Victoria's breakfast, and usually for fifteen minutes before, the head piper "plays a succession of tunes upon the bagpipe at a distance of a quarter of a mile." This must surely be a pleasant accompaniment to breakfast, but the pleasure would be enhanced if the piper were removed to a distance of, say, a mile or even across the border.

NEW ZEALAND is the first of English colonies to give women equal political rights with men. A bill giving them such rights has just become law. It gives to all women, married or single, the same right to vote as is now possessed by men. The first election under the new law will be held in December. The only other state in the world in which men and women have the same political status is Wyoming, in this country.

Most indications of approaching winter are unreliable. The wild geese sometimes make mistakes and start southward too early; brer b'ar occasionally retires to his hole sooner than necessary, even the ground hog is not infallible. But when the street car driver dons a long, varicolored patched ulster and wraps three or four yards of red woolen comforter around his neck, the citizen may prepare for cold weather. The street car driver makes no mistakes.

UNDoubtedly the biggest monument of folly in connection with the world's fair, at least not a part of it, is Steele McKaye's auditorium, which was projected as the largest and grandest building of the kind the world has ever seen. The company which erected it was organized with a capital of \$2,000,000, and \$500,000 was actually spent on the building before the work stopped. And now the entire structure has been sold for old junk for the sum of \$2,250.

FRANCE effervesces on slight provocation. Of course there is much in the friendly attitude of Russia to enthrone the French people and to bring visions of the day when the allied forces of the empire and the republic will swoop down on Germany with revenged fury. But the present talk of war should be taken with a great deal of salt. While Paris is now wild and warlike, the tumult is chiefly on the surface. Things will be different in a short time, when the incident of the Russian visit will have been forgotten.

THE DILEMMA OF DANIEL.

WOT ye goin' t' do now, Daniel? Sam Norton asked. He leaned forward as he spoke and peered into the other's face with little, twinkling, inquisitive eyes.

It was a dull and hopeless November night. A heavy gray sky hung low above them. Rain fell, from time to time, in spiteful spurts upon the sodden leaves through which their horses made their way down the long road. Farmer Wilson was not used to driving in a covered carriage, nor to sitting by himself behind closed doors while some one else held the reins, but it was considered a proper mark of respect to Sarah Ann. He must hire a livery team for the funeral; Sam Norton had told him so, and had further hinted that it would be but decent to invite the speaker to a seat beside him. "Ye know me 'n' her was connected by marriage," was his plea.

The principal mourner had consented, although he did not like Sam Norton; he thought he was spiteful. This was the first speech Sam had made since the hearse and its following turned away from the country cemetery, and it did not serve to lighten the gloom in which the bereaved man was plunged.

"I do know," he said, dully, shaking his head, covered with an unusual bush of hair, "as if I'm all lost 'bout Sarah Ann."

"She kep' house for ye a number o' years."

"Twenty-five coming Christmas. I ain't never known wot 'twas t' be alone before since ma died."

"It was handy," Sam conceded, "t' have her man taken awa jesty before your mother. Ye won't find no sech man 'er as she was in one while ag'in, I tell ye. Wot a churnin' she'd do! An' she always kep' ye lookin' so good. Ye'll find out the difference now. Your collar's beginnin' t' fray. I seen it wile we was bendin' over for th' last prayer. Ye'll soon see your clo'es goin' t' pieces."

Daniel was goaded by it into an assumption of confidence that he was far from feeling. "I calculate t' hire," he said coldly. "Of course I know no one can't do like a man's own sister, an' I s'pose it'll cost like Jehu. But I've got money 'nuff. Tain't that."

"Land alive," expostulated Sam, grinning afresh, "ef ye ain't green! D'ye s'pose any nice woman'd come t' do fur ye, a bachelor livin' all alone? I s'ld think Sarah Ann'd remarked on that afore she passed away."

"She took worse so sudden," faltered her brother, "we hadn't no chance to make plans. I never give it a thought myself. Don't ye think Priscilla Wynkoop—she's real odd—"

Sam shook his head decidedly. "They're th' worst kind, them old maids. No, sir, they ain't a decent woman in the town o' Hunter wot'd do it."

"Then wot shall I do?" desperately. "Git married." The grin widened. Daniel shook his best hat again: "No, sir," he said, "None o' that fer me."

"Beggars can't be choosers," Sam declared. "Ye've got t' do it."

"You ain't."

"Well, I'm d'f'runt," with a complacency that was maddening to the unfortunate man beside him. "I ain't got a farm t' run. I kin board 'n' look after the store day times. That's all right. Only, ye see, you're situated so unhandy. Ye've got to have a good man 'er round. Now, th' question is, who is she? I've b'en studyin' it up considerable."

"O, ye have," growled Daniel, not appeased by this show of interest. "Who've ye pitched on?"

"Wal, they's the Widder Sal'sbry—"

"I mus' say! Deaf as an adder, 'n' weighs high onto 300 pound. I'm much obliged t' ye!"

"Wal, Lyddy Potter then—"

"A little withered old woman with a wig. Ain't ye got no sense, Samnyell?"

"Wal, they ain't so many likely wimmen 'er. Ye're terrible particular for anybody so hard put. How 'bout Priscilla Wynkoop?"

Daniel was glad that they were driving into his own dooryard. He sprang hurriedly out, slammed the door with his clumsy fingers, and did not answer Sam. There was no invitation to enter the desolate house and Samuel drove away.

"Ye'd better be gittin' about yer courtin', whoever it is," he called back, leaning from the carriage window.

Daniel went upstairs to don his overalls and set about his chores for the night. "Durn it all," he muttered, as he milked the cow, "I don't know how t' go t' work; I ain't no hand with wimmen."

It was the manner only that puzzled him now. He had decided upon his choice. Years ago, when they were both young, he had "paid attention" to Priscilla Wynkoop and had been graciously received. Then his mother interfered. She did not wish him to marry, and he was dependent upon her. Perhaps the disappointment embittered him. At any rate he had long been content with life upon his lonely farm, remote from most of his kind, and had no desire for a change. But, since Sam had put what he mentally stigmatized as that "blamed idee" into his head he considered with sudden pleasure the possibility of winning Priscilla for something more than housekeeper or general manager. It was the woe that counted.

He thought it over while setting out his lonely supper of strong tea and the pumpkin pie that had been sent in. While he munched he ruminated.

What did men say and how did they act? He could not make a bargain with Priscilla as though he were buying a Jersey cow.

"Mus' be some dumb nonsense 'r 'nother," he grimly concluded. "How does it go?"

After "clearing away" he seated himself drowsily over the kitchen stove to await his early bedtime. A parcel covered book lay on the shelf. He picked it up idly—it had been Sarah Ann's—and opened it at random. It was a conventional paper-backed love tale by "The Duckess."

Eight o'clock struck and 9 and 10. Still Farmer Wilson pored over the book, holding it close to his sun-burned face and breathing heavily over the unfamiliar words. Midnight came. At 1 o'clock he laid down the bulky volume with a stentorian sigh. He knew how the nonsense went.

All the rest of that feverish, never to be forgotten night, through broken and feverish slumbers, ran such phrases as these: "Oh, my beautiful darling, you will not be so cruel. 'You must see how madly I love you.' 'Remember how desolate my life has been.' The last sentence tangled itself in his memory."

"That's true," said the wretched man once aloud, "ef all th' rest is a pack o' lies."

The next day he set himself doggedly to learn his lesson. Over and over the words were couched. He went about with the book in his hand, or lumbered heavily back to it from whatever else his work might be. In fact, he dared not think of anything else save the task laid out before him, for fear that his purpose might falter before the dim impression haunting him throughout that he was a fool.

He crossed himself carefully, after an early supper, and marched out of the door and down the road. Priscilla Wynkoop's little, unpainted cottage stood close to the highway. Daniel, his lips moving in ceaseless repetition, knocked tremulously upon the door. He heard steps coming towards him. He felt all hands and feet. There was a suffocating lump in his throat. A tall, spare, spindly man drew the door cautiously ajar and gazed out into the gloom through her spectacles.

"Good ev'nin'," her visitor blurted out in a loud, agitated voice. "O, my beautiful darling, you know—you must see how madly I love you, and—remember how desolate my life has been."

Miss Wynkoop held a hand lamp stretched out in one arm. She brought it closer to stare into his face by its aid.

"Remember how desolate," Daniel repeated.

Miss Priscilla put up her free hand to rub her forehead. Was he drunk,



or crazy, or making fun of her? He saw the gesture and interpreted it aright.

"Durn th' hull dumb thing!" he suddenly broke out. "I'm jest—I feel—"

"Dan'l," said Miss Wynkoop, eyeing him closely, and speaking in a quiet voice, "do ye want I s'ld marry you?"

"Yes, Priscilla," wiping his forehead. "I do."

She stood aside for him to pass. "Come in," she said. "I was jes' sittin' down t' supper. It'll be nice 'n' cozy t' have company 'n' I've got some cold pork 'n' beans."

She led the way to the kitchen. He followed with heart as light as his footfall was heavy.

"Take a seat 'n' draw up," said Miss Wynkoop, hospitably. "How ye mus' miss Sarah Ann."

"Yes," he sank into a chair. "Them beans I'll relish."

And so they were engaged.—Kate Field's Washington.

SUCH A MISTAKE.

But the Irishman Remedied It as Far as Possible.

An Irish officer, who had served in Malta, was one day at a public dinner. Expatriating on the luxurious living at Malta, he spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade. A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees, says the *Argonaut*. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing, and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted. On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back, and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously.

"Faith, major," said our hero's second, "you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he's cutting." Capers! Capers! exclaimed the Irishman, with a start; oh, by the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake! And, hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so: "My dear friend I hope you're not killed; and if I've harmed you seriously, I'll ask your pardon forever; for I made a murderin' mistake! It was capers that I saw growing upon that tree at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"

An Unfounded Accusation.

Jaysmith—I've got it in for Snop.

Swayback—What's the trouble?

Jaysmith—I understand that he has been referring to me as a liar and a thief.

Swayback—Is that so? Why, never knew you to steal.

BARNSTORMER TRICKS.

FUN ON THE DRAMATIC LANDLORD'S LOWEST RUNG.

The Fake Trunk Sale—Robbing the Sleeping Landlord—How to Soften a Landlord's Hard Heart—The Leading Lady's Watch, From Her Dead Mother.

Anyone who knows the look of the "barnstormer" can tell him at a glance. It is the fine days that bring him out. Little is seen of him on wet and rainy days, but give old Sol just half a chance and you wonder at the array of immaculate linen, cigarettes and Prince Alberts exhibited by these fly-by-night stars, whose ways of securing an existence are as ingenious as they are manifold.

The men with but few exceptions are barbers or waiters who do not work at their trade, as they are either too light for heavy work or too heavy for light work. The ladies are, as a rule, the possessors of good homes which they desert to follow their cherished calling. A company of Keystone talent leaves Philadelphia to play the state of New Jersey. Their stock in trade consists of a twenty-five dollar bank roll and several bundles—not trunks—of wardrobe. Of course they are in possession of their ability, which is not appreciated by New Jersey natives, and after making several stands, pursued by angry hotel-keepers, they go ashore on the rocks, and with one accord all noses point toward the Quaker City. The ladies have little trouble securing transportation, as they are experienced in the art of telling the conductors a story calculated to soften a heart of steel. They ride, and before reaching the Delaware river have touched the accommodating ticket puncher for three cents each with which to pay their ferry-fare.

Several years ago a company stranded near this city, says the Philadelphia Times, and all but the leading man returned to New York, he remained with headquarters at the hotel in which he was stopping, expecting, as he told the country landlord, a money order from his wife. At the end of three weeks no money order had made its appearance, and the Thespian's trunk was taken into the store room as security by the hotel man. The day following this move a young lady alighted from the train and registered at the hotel, and in a very short time became acquainted with the leading man. She wanted to buy a trunk. He would sell her one, and stated to the inn-keeper that he had a chance to sell his trunk, and gave him the impression that the proceeds of the sale should apply on his board bill. The trunk was removed to the actor's room, where the contents were taken out of it and wrapped in paper, after which the lady was called in to examine the "keister." She was in love with the style and make of it and paid the actor \$10 in cash for the same. The bundles were lowered out of the window by the actor and expressed to Philadelphia. The lady paid her bill at the hotel, amounting to one dollar, and that afternoon left for this city in company with the leading man, who was none other than her husband, and in whose pocket quietly reposed the baggage check for his trunk, which the day before had been the property of the confiding hotel keeper, and who, to this day, has never received one cent from the proceeds of that sale.

A common practice followed by these catch-as-catch-can managers is to give the country hotel-keeper an order for the amount of his bill, payable at the box office in the town to be next played, to which place they agree to pay his railroad fare. They reach the town in the early hours of the morning and the traveling hotel man is put to bed with the company's manager, who lies awake until he is assured that his companion and creditor is sound asleep, when he arises and in a few moments is in possession of the order he has given on the box office, having extracted it from the clothes of the unsuspecting sleeper, who when he discovers his loss, has nothing left but to return home a much wiser man.

Another dodge resorted to by these water-tank kings to defraud the country hotel-keeper is known as the watch trick and is worked in the following manner: The company, whose advance agent has been called upon to purchase cigarettes for all members, has played one week in a country town and owes a board bill of \$40. The manager informs the inn-keeper that he is unable to pay, owing to the bad business done that week, and tries to hit upon a means of settlement, offering his note, which of course is not accepted by nine hosts, who likewise refuse to accept an order on the box office of the next town. Finally the manager, as a last resort, tells the inn-keeper that he will try and induce his wife—the leading lady—to give up her watch as security for the board bill, and departs for his wife's room, returning shortly with the information that he could not persuade his wife to part with her watch, as it was a wedding present from her dead mother. The landlord has seen the watch, which this pair of fakirs has taken good care to show and praise, and the proprietress of the hotel is madly in love with it. "I'll tell you what we'll do," exclaims the manager after several moments of apparently deep meditation, "suppose you go and see her, and possibly between the two of us we can get her to give it up without much trouble." Thereupon the two proceed to the room of the actress, and explain

their mission, while she, between tears and sobs, tells how her mother paid \$150 for the watch and presented it to her on the day she was married to Mr. Furcoller, but that if there is no way out of it she will leave the watch for the amount of the bill, but it must be returned to her upon payment of this amount. This plan does not quite suit the hotel man, as he wants to become sole owner of the watch. The manager, seeing this, offers it to him for a receipt in full and \$20 to boot, which is paid by the country gullible. The watch is a cheap, plated affair, bought in any city for \$4, and used by many theatrical managers as above explained. It is needless to state that the leading lady had another wedding present of a similar kind in the tray of her trunk.

LOBSTERS AND CRABS.

Peculiar Features About the Appetizing Specimens of Crustacea.

The lobster is much more agile than the crab, and having eaten whatever food he can find within a pot, clambers about the netting until he discovers one of the ever open apertures in the sides, and then he passes once more into freedom. When fishing for lobsters, it is therefore necessary for the men to examine their pots as frequently as possible. Crabs, being slower in their movements, do not so readily escape, and an extra good haul is anticipated if the pots are unraided for a longer period than usual.

Lobsters are not only evilly disposed toward crabs, but, sad to say, they do not bear good will to one another. As soon as they are safely landed their formidable nippers are encircled with a piece of string to prevent them mangle their neighbors. They are most pugnacious creatures. If two happen to meet in a confined space they will at once "make for" each other's eyes. In the words of an ancient, "They fight like men."

Perhaps it is because crabs are less active than lobsters that the pot into which it is haped the former will crawl must be moved to fresh ground every time they are examined; otherwise few or none will be caught. On the other hand, the pots for lobsters may be dropped on the very spot from which they were raised, without the subsequent catch being thereby lessened.

In the matter of food, our crustacean friends have dissimilar tastes, says Chambers' Journal, and this fact is manifested in the character of the bait used. The crab likes his meat to be quite fresh, while the lobster, in spite of the avidity with which, as we have seen, he will clean out the shell of a newly killed crab, prefers flesh that is decidedly "high." Indeed, the staler it is the more tempting it is to his appetite. The bait is placed between two leathern thongs, and is kept in its position by a sliding button. It formerly consisted mainly of portions of small fish, locally called "butts," which were sent in great quantities from Lynn and Yarmouth. These, however, are much less plentiful than they were, and therefore plaice, codlings, or any other fish that happen to be handy, are used.

Frogs Dry Up and Blow Away.

Frogs are mainly juice. If they try to make more than a short journey away from moisture, in a drought, they will perish for want of water; and then their bodies will dry away. The frog's bones are so soft, that he scarcely leaves any skeleton.

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

A trout with golden scales is reported to have appeared in the streams of Mount Whitney in California.

The largest photograph in the world is seventeen a feet by fifty inches. It is of a relief map of the United States, showing the petroleum districts.

Some of the healthiest children in the world are found in the Scottish highlands, where shoes are seldom worn at an earlier age than 12 or 13.

There is a rumor that a 10-inch steam-whistle will replace the bell that has heretofore awakened the students and called them to chapel at Yale.

The late Frederick L. Ames' collection of paintings and bric-a-brac, now in the museum of fine arts at Boston, is probably the finest ever placed there by an individual.

The oldest dress in the world belonged to an empress of Japan who lived in the thirteenth century, and it has been kept for these centuries in a temple near Yokohama.

Photographers are interested in the telephoto lens, to be used principally in long-distance photography. Objects focused at a distance of three or four miles will show up distinctly on the ground glass.

There is a legend as old, if not much older, than the Christian religion, that ocean waves break in regular series, and that the teeth is always the most tremendous, and consequently, the one to be dreaded.

The "Nonsleepers" is the name of a religious sect which flourished A. D. 412. They lived in communities of seven y each, and at least seven in each were always found awake chanting the "sleep song."

To determine how many Italian men of letters knew English well enough to translate Teanyson, the Corriere della Sera of Milan offered a pair of beautiful Japanese vases for the best rendition of four lines from "The Princess." Giustolanti, the writer of *La Roccata*, won the prize from 119 competitors. A fate was prepared in his honor, but on the very day of the award he sank under the excitement of his long retarded fame and died, gazing happily at the vases.

CHILD'S KISS.

The Dying Bounty-Jumper Felt the Baby Come as an Angel of Mercy.

He was a bounty-jumper and had been shot down while trying to escape from the guard house. He was burly, big, fierce of look and rough of speech, and when they brought him into the hospital he cursed and raved in a way to make you chill. He had received a mortal wound, but death had no terrors for him. When the surgeon told him he must die within forty-eight hours he replied:

"Bah! What of it? The only favor I have to ask is that you keep snivelers away. I want no prayin' and singin' about me!"

He had been a wicked man. He boasted of it. He ridiculed the idea of a hereafter and cursed the bible and religion. Men and women came to speak with him, so that he might not die as a dog, but he mocked and cursed them. We who watched for the end saw the shadow of death when it fell. He realized that life was ebbing, but still he cursed and reviled. An hour before he died the wife of a wounded sergeant came in to visit her husband, says the Detroit Free Press. She brought with her a little fair-haired girl of 4 or 5 years old, and as she talked the child slipped away and wandered up and down the aisles to inspect the cots and their occupants. A score of us tried to coax her nearer, but she was coy and bashful. When she reached the cot where lay the bounty-jumper, the pallor of death on his face, but fighting the specter away, she paused and stared at him. When he saw her a smile flitted over his face and the fierce light died out of his eyes for the first time. He beckoned her to approach, and to our great surprise she hesitatingly advanced until she stood beside his cot. The mother rose up in alarm, but the nurse whispered to her not to call the child.

"Is you sick?" queried the little one, as the man reached out his hand and touched the golden curls.

"Aye, child, I am dying," he whispered.

"And ain't you got nobody to speak to you?"

"I didn't want them."

"But you wanted me, didn't you?"

"Yes—God bless you!"

"Is you shot, just like papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ise so sorry. I guess I'll kiss you."

As her lips touched his cheek the death rattle in his throat frightened her, and she ran away to her mother. The kiss was still warm when his eyes closed, his head fell back and he shivered and died.

"See the wonderful change in his face!" whispered a nurse.

Aye, it was wonderful! The hard lines had melted out and there was a smile hovering about his mouth. That savage expression which had intensified as the hours passed and the end came nearer had been kissed away by the little child. But for her he would have died cursing his God. Mayhap in the seconds between the kiss and dissolution he had asked for mercy.

Color Peculiarities of Frogs.

Frogs, whether blind or not, have some dark green or black if they are kept in a dark vessel in a sparingly-lighted room, but when a larger branch with green leaves is introduced into the vessel, they all recover their bright green color, whether blind or not. In some way unknown the reflected green light acts either upon the nerves of the skin, or—what seems more probable, if Steinhach's experiments are taken into account—directly upon the pigment cells. Moreover, the sensations derived from the toes have also an influence upon the changes of color. When the bottom of the vessel is covered with a felt or with a thin wire net, the frogs also become black, recovering their green color when a green branch is introduced into the vessel.

A Long Boyhood.

Statistics are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of 28 years. Professor Scheller, of Harvard, asserts, as the result of observations, that young men do not attain to the full measure of their mental faculties before 25 years of age. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are 30, and little boys until they are 25," and this accords with the standard of manhood, which was fixed at 30 among the ancient Hebrews and other races.

The Name of God in Many Languages.

The name of God is spelled with four letters in almost every known language. In Arabian it is Alla; East Indian, Zeul or Esgi; Egyptian, Tent or Aum; French, Dieu; Vaudois, Diou; Tahitian, Atua; Hebrew, Adon; Irish, Dich; Japanese, Zain; Latin, Deus; German, Gott; Malayian, Eel; Persian, Syra; Peruvian, Llan; Tartarian, Tyan; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Spanish, Dios; Swedish, Oodd; Syriac, Adad; Wallachian, Sene.

The Wonderful Congo.

The Congo is the most wonderful waterway in the world. It is twenty-five miles across in parts, so that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight. It has twice the extent of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries and three times its population.

Color of Cats.

The color of cats are classified as follows: Black; black and white; black, fulvous and white, or tortoiseshell; white; fulvous and white; tawny; tabby, or boldly stippled; slate colored, or blue gray; slate colored with long fur (Persian); long, white fur (Angora).